













## SHADOWS.

Together, at home in the parlor,  
We sat and talked of olden days,  
I knew I was pleased with his presence,  
And I guess he was pleased with mine,  
You're never so happy as when you're  
How do the shadows fall?  
Well—will you be so kind as to  
Was looking at the shadows on the wall.

I think it was awful, but somehow  
It all appeared perfectly right,  
You know, though, that the day-time  
The same as they were in the night.  
I suppose it is horrible—very—  
And scarcely dare tell you that when  
I saw them once more, there, shadows  
Was looking at the shadows on the wall.

This, sure, was beyond all endurance,  
And should have been stopped, it is true;  
But when shadows are so close to you,  
What can a poor little girl do?  
It should, I acknowledge, have been  
And should have been stopped, it is true;  
But when shadows are so close to you,  
What can a poor little girl do?

Alas, for the shadows on the wall,  
It just put up its mouth to be kissed!

## A Love Song.

I pressed my beating heart,  
I smoothed my ruffled hair,  
I stepped into the room,  
I found, I found, I found.

I held my little hand,  
I gazed at you and over,  
I sat my well-worn shoes,  
I knelt upon the floor.

I told my tale of woe,  
I whispered all my fears,  
Then, what I think she said,  
Why, could you think she said?

## Reading for Hot Weather.

—Lincoln's friends continue to have faith in his ability to save this country, because a good cause would Rome.

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## The Southern Museum—Specimens of Confederate Literature.

We have before us the private scrap-book of a noted Baltimore Confederate, which was "captured" by a soldier, when his residence was taken possession of by General Schoenck, early in the administration of that officer. The owner has since been transported beyond the lines, his house and other property having been seized by the United States government. He was a well-known citizen, and a gentleman of acknowledged literary taste and ability. The scrap-book, which was originally a ledger, is marked "Confederate Odes." It contains about one thousand specimens of Confederate poetry, besides a fine selection of "loyal" (in a Southern sense) couplets, quads and pamphlets, all of which are neatly pasted in the book, and annotated and indexed in the most careful manner, showing that the compiler took a heartfelt interest in his work, and that he was familiar with the various names of the writers whose names we frequently find penciled on the margin of their effusions.

The collection is singularly complete, sometimes there are as many as six different copies or editions of a poem, which probably originated in Baltimore, where it was printed on fine white letter paper; next it appeared in Richmond on a less fine quality of paper and in very poor type, and so on till the last edition, which is on wall-paper, in "show-bill" typography. Most of the poetry was printed and circulated privately, and consequently little of it has appeared in the papers. During the first year of the war it was the "light of the fact" among the Baltimore beaux and belles to write "patriotic" poetry, which would have been sufficient to expatriate them had the government officials seen it; so they and it printed on the backs of their visiting cards, or on the inner side of their note paper, and circulated it privately. This is the origin of most of the poetry in the scrap-book. Of course the rules of poetry are rigidly enforced, and the poems are mostly in the form of couplets, quads, and pamphlets, spelling books, geographical, etc. As far as prosody is concerned, not more than half this collection is worth "household" while the rest, with a few notable exceptions, is ineffectually stupid, being either devoid of meaning, or so full of "poetic" nonsense, that it is not worth the trouble of reading. We recognize a few familiar signatures, but the majority of contributions are from youthful muses, whose first attempt should be their own. The humor of the war is in politics, and their effusions are generally piquant and ballads. The first in this collection is entitled "God and Liberty," and is written as we are informed by a poet, in the margin—by a daughter of Francis S. Key, the immortal author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This poem is found in Mr. Moore's "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapso-

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## THE SOUTHERN MUSEUM—SPECIMENS OF CONFEDERATE LITERATURE.

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